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NEW SERIES, VOL. III.

NUMBER ONE

FEBRUARY, 1906

PUBLISHED BY THE UNIVERSITY
ISSUED FEBRUARY, MAY, AUGUST AND NOVEMBER

BULLETIN
of
DEPAUW UNIVERSITY

CONTENTS:

A Student's Description of Life at DePauw.

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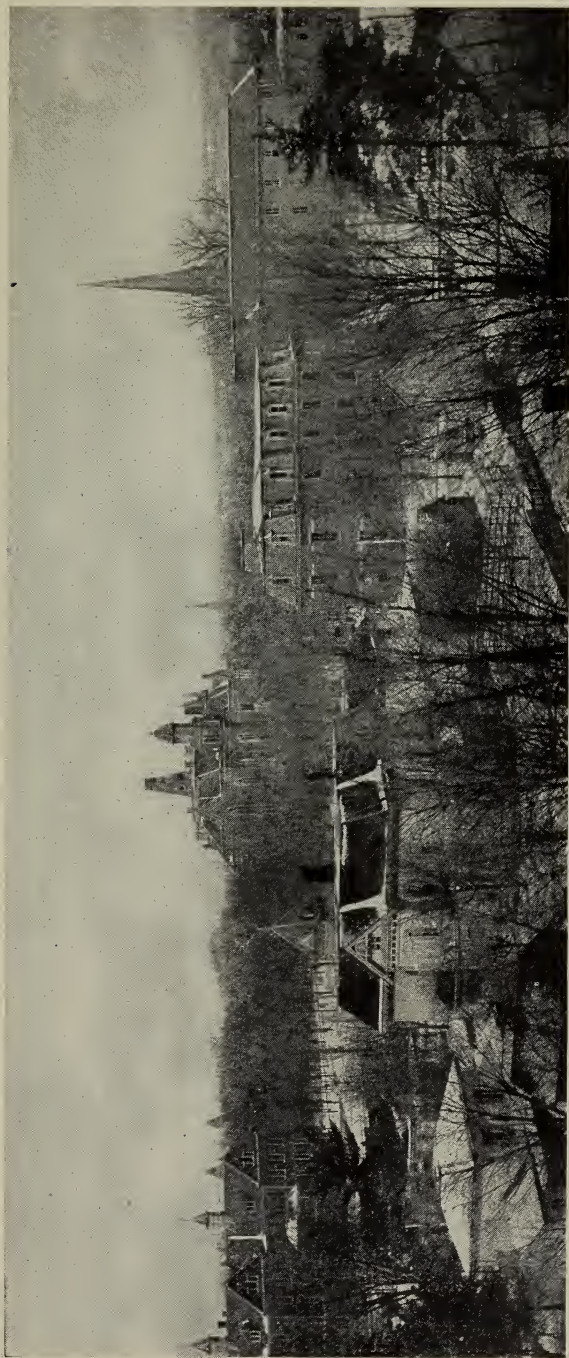
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BULLETIN of
DEPAUW UNIVERSITY
GREENCASTLE, INDIANA

EDWIN H. HUGHES, President



CONTENTS: A STUDENT'S DESCRIPTION OF LIFE AT DEPAUW.



THE CAMPUS

What's That? You Would Like to Know Something about De Pauw?

Why, my dear boy, of course I'll be glad to tell you all I can about the old College. You see, I'm a DePauw man myself, and, really, I'm prouder about that than about almost anything else I have to boast of. There's something that makes one love the place. Take these classic old halls, where perhaps your grandfather used to recite; and then look over yonder to Minshall Laboratory, new and conspicuous for its up-to-dateness, and in these extremes you have typified the DePauw spirit. One recognizes here a culture which belongs with age and stability and sturdy moss-grown buildings; and at the same time, an atmosphere of progress is evident which bespeaks life still young and full of vital enthusiasm. I like to think these elements are becoming a part of my personality; and believing that, how can I help but feel a sentiment of loyalty and gratitude to my Alma Mater? Just wait; you'll know what I mean when you have been here awhile yourself.

You'd like to know about the details? All right; let's sit down here in the shade on the Campus—as many a pair of boys have done before us—and we'll go over the situation together. I'll tell you as nearly as I can what will happen to you as a new student at DePauw.

Now, let's suppose June has passed and you have graduated from High School. September has rolled around. You have packed your trunk—with you it will be the first time, won't it?—and have kissed the folks good-by. You have bought your ticket for Greencastle. What? Oh, to get there is easy; all roads lead to DePauw. The Monon, the Big Four, the Vandalia, or any of the lines into Indianapolis or Terre Haute will carry you conveniently. Say your train has just stopped at the depot. As you step down upon the station platform a new world confronts you; a larger and stranger world than any you have known before.

FRATERNITIES.

Just as you enter this new sphere of activity you are going to be confused by a number of impressions, and months probably will be required for things to settle back into proper proportions. At first glance, some phases will seem more important than they really are, and you won't see other elements at all during the first few days. As you stand there on the station platform, the first side of college life to present itself, important as it is, is not by any means the most important. The first week of college in the fall is "spike" week, and the first of several very important questions you must decide will be the fraternity question.

As a high school boy, with head full of tales of fraternity initiations, with perhaps a mingled idea of social exclusiveness, you will face the fraternity situation with something of awe, not to say anxiety. Probably you'll be afraid you're going to be left out. Let me tell you not to overestimate the importance of it if no fraternity invites you to join. I'm a fraternity man myself, and my sober judgment is that to be a member of a fraternity pays; but it is also my sober judgment that fraternities are by no means indispensable, nor yet are they the chief source of benefit from college life. Some of the best men who have ever gone through DePauw have not been fraternity men, and truly, it seems to me that most of the non-fraternity fellows have a student earnestness which is rather above the average of the fraternity men. The importance of this question demands that you go into it pretty thoroughly. The more you know about the "theory and practice" of fraternities, the better it will be for you; and, above all, be sure of your ground before you put on any particular colors.

Theoretically, a fraternity is an organization of men of similar tastes who form a brotherhood for mutual benefit. The idea is world-old, and an analogous embodiment of it is found in the various lodges, such as the Masons and Odd Fellows. The college organizations are much closer than these in their relationships, however; you actually live with your fraternity brothers—eat with them, study with them, sleep with them. Probably the closest friendships of your life are formed in your little circle at college, and if you are a fraternity man, in most cases that circle will be formed of fraternity brothers.

From the theoretical standpoint, then, the fraternity problem would seem an easy one for the new man to solve. Just let him look around and find the bunch of fellows who are most like what he wants to be himself, and put on colors. But in practice you will not find it

so simple for a good many reasons, as you'll discover. DePauw has nine fraternities. Let's see, there's Delta Kappa Epsilon, Sigma Nu, Beta Theta Pi, Phi Kappa Psi, Sigma Chi, Phi Delta Theta, Delta Upsilon, Delta Tau Delta, and Phi Gamma Delta. Those names sound funny, don't they? Sort of a meaningless conglomeration to you now! But I tell you, before you've been in Greencastle a year each one will mean something pretty definite. Every time you hear one of those combinations of Greek letters, a more or less definite picture will form in your mind of the kind of man that fraternity attracts and produces. Now listen here: the fact of nine fraternities in DePauw means that every fall there is a scramble for freshmen. When you get off the train, you will find eight or ten men, representing the various



A SORORITY HOUSE

fraternities, waiting, and each will want to drive you up town in a nice rig and help you find a room and get matriculated. It is said that President Hughes and other members do not like this meeting new students at the station, and that they think it undignified. It may be that the fraternities themselves will change the program some day. Perhaps you have even been "spiked" before you left home. In six weeks you'll understand this cordial reception is no reason for the

big head. If you are well dressed and put up the appearance of being the "right stuff" the fraternities will begin to "rush" or "spike" you; and the week will be full of invitations and long sessions with various "spiking committees" until you put on the colors of one fraternity or another.

So you see that in this rush and whirl, to make a wise decision is no easy matter; the more so because of the pressure urging a quick decision. As to the requirements, I think fraternity men are usually selected for rather superficial reasons. Strong fellows—far above the fraternity average in many respects—have gone through DePauw as non-fraternity men. The President of the student body is sometimes a non-fraternity man. Some men stay out of fraternities because they wish to, and some stay out because they were overlooked at the beginning of their course. To put it in a nutshell: Be careful what fraternity you join if you join one at all. If you don't join one, do not mourn, and, above all else, keep your self-respect.

BOARD AND ROOM.

Before the whirl of the first experience has passed, you will face the practical question of board and room. The matter of finding a room is a rather discouraging experience. Every year some poor boy or girl comes near to going home. But when you start out to look for a room be patient and courageous. And be careful, too! If you live to be three-score years of age, the four years of your college life will comprise a fifteenth of your mortal career; and what you shall eat, and the quarters in which your time will be spent, are matters of no small importance.

More than half of the DePauw people, faculty and students alike, board at the Dormitory dining-room. Oh, of course, I mean the unmarried members of the faculty, of whom there are a good many. Think of it! Three meals a day, seven days a week, nine months a year, for three hundred and fifty people! The marvel of it is, the "homeiness" of the meals. Wednesday and Sunday are chicken days, with ice cream for dessert. An abundance of fruit, dainty and tempting desserts—with not a great many pastry days—cake always for supper; breakfast-food, pancakes, toast, meat and a choice of drinks for breakfast; and in general a constant variety forms the menu at the "Dorm." It runs just about the same way at Florence Hall, though some say it is quieter there and that the food is better. The cost is three dollars weekly. A few families take in boarders; but

chefs such as afflict the digestive apparatus of students at most colleges are unknown to the present generation. At the "Dorm" and Florence Hall, most of the fraternities and sororities have individual tables—some of them mixed tables; and in general any groups of students, boys or girls, may have a table if they choose.

The girls at DePauw room for the most part in the Dormitory, Woman's Hall, in Florence Hall, and in the various sorority houses. A very few room at private houses, with the President's permission. Now, I really can't tell you much about the things the girls do, though vague rumors floating around college would seem to indicate they have a pretty jolly time when study hours are over. We men have to go home at 10 o'clock on calling



Dormitory and Music Hall

nights, and at 7 o'clock on other nights, except Sunday. I suppose you'll have a "case," as most men do, and you'll find it rather a novel experience to sit in a parlor full of other people, who are wishing you weren't there just as you are wishing they were in South Africa. In Spring and Fall, of course, you take walks—especially in Spring.

The boys have greater freedom, rooming where they choose. There is no boys' dormitory. Each fraternity owns or rents a house,

and the majority of the fraternity men are taken care of in this way. Greencastle is full of pretty homes, and a very large number of these are open to students. Personally, I think this matter of a room is pretty important; and when I came back for my second year I brought back a collection of pennants for my walls and some pillows and things for a cozy corner. My room-mate brought some fixings also, and between us we have arranged a room attractive enough for any fellow to live in. I take a good deal of pride and comfort in it. Rooms cost all the way from two dollars and a half to five dollars a month for each of two fellows, and of course, if you room alone, the cost is greater.

ENTERING COLLEGE OR MATRICULATION.

So I'd advise you to have a little foresight and bring some things with you the first time you come and have an attractive den from the start. Well, the first or second morning after you've come, you'll go over to East College and join the crowd waiting for matriculation.

Entering college is necessarily a somewhat trying ordeal, even for an upper classman. You'll wander into the big building called East College, and then into the English Lecture hall, crowded now with people strange to you. In rushes some one, just back, and his face beams as he shakes hands with every one in sight—except you. Really, I don't know anything much finer than getting back after a summer's work into the warm fellowship of DePauw life again. But there you are, not knowing any one, and the professors grouped about look pretty formidable, and on the whole you feel insignificant and small. At the further end of the room is the matriculation committee; and before you are done with them, you'll feel smaller still. You take your place in the line, and little by little approach the first desk. There your high school credentials are examined, and if you come from an accredited high school you are passed on; otherwise you will have to go to the different professors and satisfy them, by examination or otherwise, as to the amount and character of your work. Down the line of desks you go, till at last you must select your studies.

In the freshman year, not a great deal of latitude is allowed in this. Certain courses essential to any well-educated man are required; and most of these are taken in the freshman year. The experts on education with whom you are dealing know more about what you need than you do, though perhaps at the time you will not think so. Of course, you ought to know the general trend your work will take, preparatory to your life work. It will be well for you to talk with

some of the professors before you matriculate. Better get a catalogue right away, and think a lot between now and fall about your work! Whether you want to be a scientist, or a professional man, a teacher or a preacher, a business man or a specialist, I don't see how you can get your training under a grander set of men than the DePauw faculty. I have found every one under whom I have studied ready and anxious to help me along. Of course, my personal taste prefers some of the



Entrance to East College

departments over others, but I'm going to let you find out those things for yourself; perhaps from your viewpoint things will take a different perspective than from mine. In your first year you won't have much room for choice, anyhow; you'll have to take college rhetoric (which, mind you, is a mighty different thing from high school rhetoric), and

some language—Greek or Latin or German or French, and a science, Chemistry, Physics, or Biology, so that, you see, you are pretty well started as a well-rounded student at the beginning.

Well, after you have been entered for the first term's work, you go down to the bank and pay your tuition, take a trip to the President's office, receive your classification card, and then you go out of the door, re-born as a DePauw man. I'll never forget how lonesome I felt when I first started to matriculate—when I didn't seem to belong to anything and was sort of an intruder; and how different I felt when I ran down the steps, actually a part of this great old institution. Really, I felt sort of a distant kinship for all of those distinguished people—for Senators Voorhees and Booth and Beveridge, for Governors McDonald, Porter and Elrod, for John Clark Ridpath and Judge Harlan, for David Graham Phillips, for the Japanese, Sato and Chinda, and all that illustrious host who in the days gone by had come out from that same door, newly made into DePauw men. If a fellow doesn't amount to something after the inspiration of the traditions left to DePauw by the past generation, why, it just means he hasn't anything in him that can be inspired.

And now you're a freshman. But maybe you are not; for a good many young people enter DePauw who are not freshmen. So perhaps I'd better tell you a few things about the Music School and the Academy.

MUSIC SCHOOL.

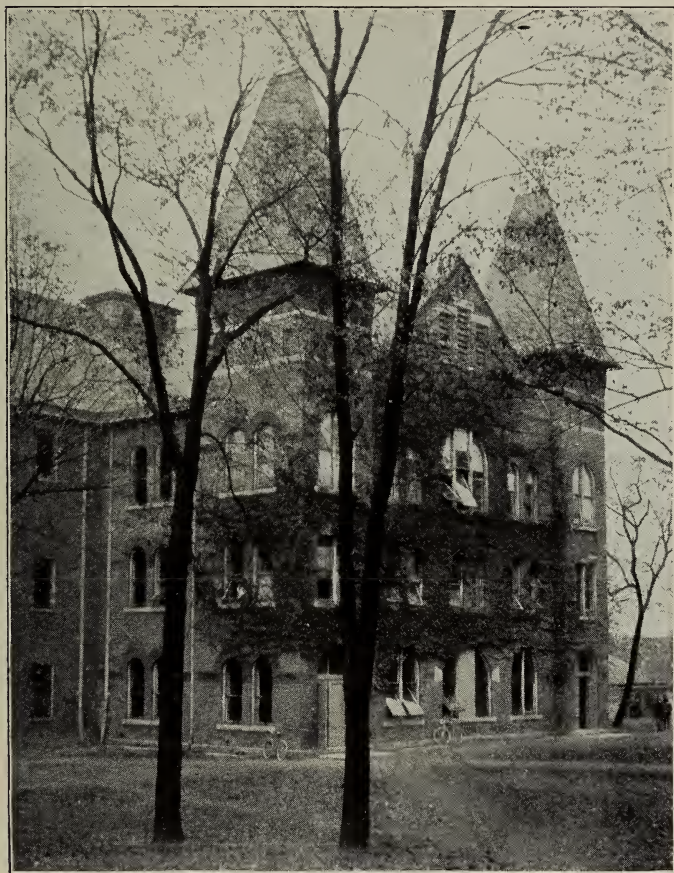
In the Music School a distinguished faculty offers opportunity for the development of talent. There are about a hundred and fifty girls in Music School with one lonely man this year—hence in DePauw University as a whole, there are more girls than boys; but in the college and academy the boys outnumber the girls considerably. The Music School touches the college life most conspicuously at the University service; and then, too, of course, a good many music students take some college work. There are those who confidently assert that the DePauw Music School is as good as any in the Central West, and that its connection with the University gives its certificate a special worth. Its instructors have had the very best training at home and abroad.

THE ACADEMY.

But any account of DePauw which would fail to mention the Academy would be guilty of a grievous oversight. Here on somewhat

more boyish scale is a reproduction of the life of the college. Prep athletics, prep oratory, prep spirit and prep prowess reflect their larger source on the other side of the campus. Seventy boys, looking forward to classification as freshmen, make a lusty showing with their yell.

Re-rare-a-tory
Preparatory,
Three good cheers and a hep-hep-hep,
DePauw School of Prep.



Academy Building, West College

The Academy is something more than a high school, and something less than a college. It offers high school studies in an atmosphere of university life, and diffused with university methods. The

Principal is a splendid man and is very popular with his students, while his associates on the Academy faculty are of the best. The man who wishes the spirit of culture bred in his personality cannot do better than to spend the three ordinary high school years in Greencastle. If he has passed the age when he could enter a high school he could enter the Academy without sensitiveness. Some of the students there are full-grown men. Once there was a student there who was older than President Hughes!

A FRESHMAN.

There is some significance in the fact that almost the first thing you will do as a DePauw man will be to go to Chapel. Promptly at 8:45 every college morning the great bell up in the tower strikes out the call; the early classes dismiss, and up to old Meharry Hall, students troop from all directions. The service, perhaps, is chiefly a religious one, performing somewhat the same function as family prayers at home. The faculty members in turn conduct the exercises, reading a Scripture lesson, announcing the hymn, and leading the morning prayer. But in addition to this, Chapel is the time when once a day the student body and faculty all meet together; where the announcements of the day's events are read by the President; where the students cheer the various athletic teams and give their class yells and express their enthusiasm and joy of living.

THE FIRST CHAPEL.

Such is the ordinary Chapel; but the first Chapel service of the year has a special character which gives it a special significance.

Unless we are early, before we arrive the college yell will come floating down to us—

Zip-Rah-Whe!

D—P—U—

Rip Sah, Boom Bah,

Bully for Old DePauw!

And it will come with such heartiness as only hundreds of lusty-voiced fellows whose lungs have had a summer's rest can put into it. Perhaps before we have mounted the stairs, will come to our ears the humorous words of the "Crow Song":

There were three crows sat on a tree,
Bully for old DePauw ;
There were three crows sat on a tree,
Bully for old DePauw.
There were three crows sat on a tree,
Their hearts were filled with ecstasy,
And they all flapped their wings and cried
Bully for old DePauw !

Or, perhaps best of all, they are singing the regular DePauw song :

“IN PRAISE OF OLD DE PAUW.”

Tune every harp and every voice, bid every care withdraw,
Let all with one accord rejoice in praise of Old DePauw.

Chorus :

In praise of Old DePauw, my boys, in praise of Old DePauw,
Her sons will give, while they shall live, three cheers for Old DePauw.
Let music rule the fleeting hour, her spell around us draw,
And thrill each heart with all her power, in praise of Old DePauw.

—*Chorus.*

Till then with joy our song we'll bring, and while a breath we draw,
We'll all unite to shout and sing in praise of Old DePauw.

—*Chorus.*

I can imagine how it looks, now, as one steps inside the door—the great Hall crowded, the center sections filled with the girls, and the east and west sections with boys, all singing and cheering and luxuriating in the renewed good fellowship. Freshmen scattered here and there, looking a little uncertain, yet moved to exercise their new right to cheer for the grand old school, and timidly joining in the half-learned yells and songs.

“Nine rahs for DePauw,” calls a heavy voice.

“Rah, rah, rah—Rah, rah, rah—Rah, rah, rah—DePauw” swells the answer from hundreds of voices. The platform door opens and in steps a member of the faculty. “Blanchard,” sings the heavy voice, and “Here” rolls out the answer from the student body. “Seuman,” proceeds the roll-call, and “Here” rises the answer. “Gobin,” as the good Vice-President enters, and “Here” is replied. And thus goes the roll-call affectionately on until the faculty have taken their seats. Then the President enters, and “Hughes” call a dozen voices, and a mighty

"Here" sounds a clarion welcome. "Nine rahs for the President," cries the leader, and "Rah, rah, rah—Rah, rah, rah—Rah, rah, rah—President" comes back with a vim; and amid general applause and enthusiasm the service begins.

Now comes a remarkable transition. No matter how vociferous may be the students before chapel, the minute the President comes forward to the pulpit to begin the announcements, that minute all noise ceases; and any unseemly interruption of chapel service is unknown. So a sacred silence falls; an announcement or two is made, the Scripture read, the first hymn of the year is sung, and the prayer follows.



Interior Meharry Hall

This usually is all; but today comes the President's annual address to the new students. The Freshman's lonesome, homesick heart is comforted as he listens to the University's welcome; and his determination to do the best he can grows as the words of exhortation and advice come to him.

THE FIRST RECITATION.

At length the spell is broken, and slowly moving with the crowd, the freshman begins to think of the next experience. This all seems pretty different from high school, doesn't it? You see, college life is half-way between boyhood and manhood. In boyhood some one is

always watching you and telling you what you must and must not do. In manhood, you use your own judgment; your own sweet will is supreme. Now, at college, you are a lot freer than in high school, and within proper limitations, you are free to do things in your own way. Yet people who are trying to make a man out of your present crude, youthful qualities are always at hand to warn you if you go too far in any wrong direction. No one except, perhaps, your chum is going to tell you to study; no one is going to use a strap if you play "hookey"; your only punishment will come in failing to get any benefit out of your college life, and when the authorities see you're that kind of a fellow, of course they have to send you home. Yes, indeed, it's very different from being at school with the folks to watch you.

Feeling something of this, you go to your first lecture; and after you are enrolled in the class-book, you begin to be sure you really are a college man. Now you'll discover another difference. No longer are you a pupil who is taught by a teacher, and who is compelled to accept things because the teacher says they are so. You have become a student who investigates problems, man to man, with a professor; a student who is assumed to have a mind of his own,—though, it is true, that assumption is sometimes mistaken,—and who is supposed to use that mind in weighing theories and discovering truth for itself. Gradually you will find yourself slipping into an attitude which questions everything, because you find out that some of the things are fallacious which you had thought were true. You'll be a lucky boy if you don't have some pretty big struggles, religious and otherwise, with yourself. I did, I know; but after I had followed things through I got settled back again, and, although things have a larger perspective, I find a firmer faith in life than I had before I realized something of its problems.

All of this will not come in your first recitation, by any means; as I remember it, I didn't get much of anything but a good deal of bewilderment out of that. The method of lecturing and everything were so different that I felt pretty much at sea. The only thing I was sure of was that I liked college better than anything I had known in my life; and I wanted awfully to do something like the other fellows, the class presidents and athletes and upper classmen, were doing to merit prominence in the student body. I was proud of being a De-Pauw man.

Really, I wish I might get you to see how much the study begun in the first recitation means to a man. Goodness knows, I have little enough knowledge now; but when I think of the green freshman who

came here three years ago, I can't help but feel that I'm a lot larger man than I could have been otherwise. It sounds like a paradox, doesn't it, to say that, and in the same breath to say that I never felt so small in my life as I do now. You see, it's this way: I've grown a little bit larger, but my horizon has grown a hundred-fold; so I'm relatively a smaller part of my world now than before, and yet, from the absolute standpoint, I'm larger than I was. Don't you dare let anyone persuade you not to enter college, if you have any earnestness of purpose for your life at all. You'd better go hungry half the time than stay away. I know what it is to work hard for money; I'm paying my own way through school; so are a lot of other DePauw people. The place is so democratic that a fellow doesn't have to spend bushels of money to command admiration from everyone. You'll be richer at fifty, in spite of statements to the contrary; and, anyhow, what a pitiable thing it is to go through life ignorant and really unable to think for yourself! You don't hear the people whose lives have been enriched by college life arguing against a college education. Usually the fellows who haven't been there do the talking. If you're not brilliant, college will bring you out and make an all-round man of you if anything can; and if you are brilliant, with the natural elements of success, you can go so much further than you could if you don't go to college.

And so this first recitation has opened a world of priceless treasure for you. But, important as is the book side of your college life, I half believe the personal side is more important. Coming into contact with the student body in the various lines of student activity—athletics, oratory, college politics and debates, in social life and in religious activity—and coming into contact with the President and Faculty, perhaps on the “green carpet,” perhaps in the way of personal inspiration and advice, you will gain a knowledge of human nature and an experience in dealing with men which could only come by years of experience in the outside world. Someone has said college is valuable for two things: It teaches one where to look for information, and it gives him personal friendships impossible under other circumstances.

ATHLETICS

Of course, all of us are eagerly interested in athletics, and one of the first things you will want to do will be to go out to McKeen Field to watch football practice. If a fellow looks like an athlete he will not be in Greencastle very long before some one is after him to

try out for the team. This is the easiest way to mount a hero's pedestal. I've thought a good deal about the reasons for this, but I confess I can't just figure out the philosophy of it. It must be that a football man actually fights, and fights hard, for his college, and the students are all anxious to see their college beat the other one, and, therefore, anyone who helps in that is a hero. I'm sure of this much, that it was one of my chief sorrows not to be big enough to play football; that used to be an important ambition with me when I was a little fellow years ago. So I can't tell from experience how it seems to watch the other team come down the field, yard by yard, in spite of all that you can do; and then when they reach the five-yard line, to help your team in a last frantic effort, which secures the ball, while the crowd goes wild and cheers and cheers, and the band blares, and all that—



McKEEN FIELD

but it must be great! By all means, if you're a good man physically, and have got enough grit, I say play football—be a gridiron warrior to fight under the banner of old DePauw. If your people understand the game they won't object. You know most of the injuries come to high school players who are not properly trained nor coached nor cared for; in college, your equipment is so complete and the coach

and rubbers take such care of you, that the risk is really trivial; and you will come out of the season in a superb condition physically, prominent and influential with the student body, and you will have learned a lot of things. The newspapers take a sensational view of the game, and the evils which really exist are being rapidly eliminated under the rules.

But if you are speedy rather than muscular, I rather think you'd do better in basketball or track. My, but a close basketball game is fun. Basketball comes in the winter term and is played indoors. My judgment is that this is destined to be the most popular of college games for the general student body to engage in. We have a basketball hall, which we use also for indoor baseball practice in winter time, and almost anyone can play the game to his heart's content. The college, of course, has a 'varsity team, and the academy also; each class has a team, and several of the fraternities, and I suppose anybody else could have one who wished. So lots of good exercise, apart from regular gymnasium work, coupled with lots of fun, is to be had for the taking.

Probably, however, baseball occupies a pretty large place in your affections. The 'varsity team in baseball occupy pedestals and come in for a large share of hero-worship. To be baseball captain is an honor ranking second to few in the college world. There is an excitement and a charm about a close baseball game for the spectator which would indicate that the player has compensation for his hours of practice and days of work during which he is trying to make the team. I needn't tell you much about the games last year. You read about them in the papers, didn't you? As in basketball, nearly every one who wants to play has some sort of chance. Every spring there is a fraternity tournament, and the winning team gets a silver cup for the year. Then each of the four classes has its team, and the academy also. During the winter baseball practice goes on in the batting cage at the basketball hall.

Personally, athletics from the playing side is Greek to me, because the good God didn't make me an athlete. I can't play anything more strenuous than tennis, though there's lots of chance for that here, but I can talk enthusiastically enough from the spectator's standpoint. I can stand on the side-lines in football and make as much noise as anyone in college, I think, and enjoy it about as much. It seems to me that the organized rooting at college games is almost as much fun as the sport itself. DePauw surely does have some good

yells. Wait till next fall, when you get down here, and you'll agree with that.

And really, for me there is now an added zest in this whole business because I have been sure I was cheering for *clean athletes*, not hired professionals, and that the teams were made up of true students, fighting for love of old DePauw and not for money pay. Yes, I guess we'll have to admit that such was not always the case; but I have reason to be sure of my ground when I say it is true now. Maybe, like some other people, you have wondered why our college did not win more games. You can be sure of this much—there is something more than accident in the fact that a certain class of athletes seem to concentrate in some other schools in the state. I suppose DePauw will continue to lose a good many games until the other schools come up to the high ground we have recently taken; but then, we're playing clean athletics for sport and not professional athletics for advertisement, and, for one, I like the DePauw way best. Don't you?

ORATORY.

There is another phase of inter-collegiate activity, however, which has made DePauw famous throughout the country. Our old college is known as the home of orators. The state oratorical contest, with seven colleges of Indiana competing, is perhaps the most important single inter-collegiate event of the year; and out of twenty-four contests DePauw has won sixteen. But this is not all. The Interstate Oratorical Association is composed of representatives from eleven states. DePauw has won more interstate contests than any college of America. The list of winners is a distinguished one—almost any DePauw man can repeat it from memory—Coffin, Beveridge, Johnson, Wilkerson, Jean Nelson and Devers.

Why DePauw wins in oratory is a rather difficult question to answer. One of the professors at the latest celebration said he thought the writing and delivery of speeches was the truest expression of the DePauw spirit; and, considering the tremendously important part oratory plays in life, I don't think he could have paid the college a higher compliment. For myself, I like that better than almost anything else he could have said—brain means more than brawn in the world, you know. But, anyhow, the chief fact is that DePauw turns out orators and public speakers, and I think I'm right in saying that a larger per cent. proportionately of DePauw graduates are prominent in public life than those of any other college.

And if it's excitement you're after, you ought to go to a state-

contest. Instead of two colleges rooting against each other, you have six colleges rooting against DePauw. We don't care for that; we can hold our own. Three to five hundred students go over to the contest every year. Tomlinson Hall is usually well filled, DePauw taking the whole left balcony. About seven the rooting begins, and pandemonium breaks loose. Two colleges rooting against each other make enough noise—but seven! I can't think of any comparison for the occasion. It is unique. DePauw usually has two or three mass meetings ahead of time, and the practice tells in the result. We make so much noise that the others usually have to unite in the effort to drown us out—and then they get drowned themselves. One sits and yells as our yell-leader directs, and the thrills chase each other through one's body, and moment by moment DePauw enthusiasm grows so that one wouldn't be a student of any other college for anything. My, don't we pity people who didn't come to DePauw in preference to any school! Well, about eight o'clock the program begins, and one by one the orators deliver their speeches. As the *Indianapolis News* said, this part of the evening is a mere formality. We usually are pretty sure of the result, though of course sometimes the unexpected happens. Then, while the judges are out, for another half-hour the different crowds make some more noise. At last the President of the Association comes out and in breathless silence we wait for his announcement. When it comes, if DePauw wins, we make a rush for the platform to find our orator; and for the next hour we own the city.

Meanwhile, over in Greencastle the college bell is ringing and a shout goes up all over town. This year, when the special train pulled in from the city a huge bonfire upon the campus lighted us home. Next morning is vacation, and in the Chapel everybody gets together to celebrate. The crowd calls for speeches, and everyone, from the President down, tells how it happened, and at last the orator himself has to say a few words. When Devers came back from his interstate victory, nearly the whole town met him at the train, and he was carried to a cab, dragged by students instead of horses, and thus to Meharry Hall; and there such a celebration as one rarely sees took place.

The beauty of it all is that everyone has a chance to be the hero of these occasions. The DePauw representative is chosen by a local contest open to all comers—and really, with our Department of Public Speaking, one can scarcely help learning how to make a speech. You

see, with your ambition to amount to something, there's really nothing else to do but to come to DePauw.

But I was talking the other day to a student in whose judgment I have a lot of confidence. He has had experience on the debate teams. He said: "There isn't so much glory in it, but I think a man who has learned to get up before a crowd and debate extemporaneously has gained more than the fellow who merely writes a set speech." I'm not so sure but that he's right. We have two debates with other colleges every year, which gives six men a splendid opportunity for training. And then a debate in each of the four classes, open to everyone, and by means of these, class teams are chosen and these have a sort of tournament, the final debate coming in commencement



MINSHALL LABRATORY

week. The members of the college team receive each a prize of \$25, and the three high men in the class debates a similar prize. The winning orator receives \$75 in the local contest, \$50 for winning the state, and \$100 for winning the interstate. Talk about earning your way through college, what's the matter with doing it while you're developing your brains? Seriously, now, do you wonder, with all

this enthusiasm, with all this incentive and opportunity, that DePauw has built up a cluster of traditions about public speaking, and turns out men equipped to lead their fellows in the various branches of professional and public life?

COLLEGE POLITICS.

It is hardly to be questioned that some of the DePauw Alumni whose names have become household words throughout the country took their first lessons in public leadership while in college. Probably we have as much excitement and feeling about college politics as any college anywhere. DePauw is small enough to be a unified whole, and yet is too large for one faction to dominate.

You won't be in college very long until you get into politics. Your first experience will be in the Freshman election; but you will have been here long enough, probably, to have become identified with one or the other of the two factions.

How on earth the business ever started I'm sure I don't know, though probably it was from fraternity rivalry. Anyhow, the fact is that when election time comes, there is always a fight between two tickets. Three fraternities form one party, and a good many of the non-fraternity men and some of the sorority girls vote with them; while six fraternities, some of the non-fraternity men, and the rest of the sororities form the other. The whole thing is a miniature national campaign, only there are as yet no third parties. As an outsider, you may see no particular reason why John Jones should be elected to some office any more than Herman Smith. You'll understand more about it when you're here. The student-body is largely self-governing, and a great many things depend on the election. For instance, the Athletic Association consists of members elected by the students and faculty, and the two factions may differ as to athletic policy. And of course personal ambition and fraternity pride figure largely in forming tickets and maintaining factional spirit. But deeper than this, I think, is competition among different leaders to see who can succeed in running things, and the willingness, characteristically American, to support the ablest politician. As in political parties, we have a floating vote which must be conciliated, and a stand-pat vote which is sure. And, curiously enough, just as a man votes either as his father voted or as his own personal interest demands, so your choice of factions and your views on the various issues will be determined by the fraternity you join. If you happen to be a fraternity man of one group, you'll probably vote with that

group, and on election day you'll get worked up and excited and be angry at the other faction and rise to points of order and everything, just as the rest of us do, and if your side wins out, you'll celebrate, and if the other fellows win, you'll be discouraged and think the college is going to the dogs, just as your predecessors thought. But it won't!

So you will go to your first freshman election feeling that you are going to cast your vote and enlist in a four-year fight for your faction.



Physics Lecture Room

The chief political interest centers around the Spring election, when the President of the student-body, the Student Council, the editor and manager of the college paper, members of the Athletic Board, and various other officers are chosen for the ensuing year. At this time the products of several months of manoeuvring, of secret planning and of caucuses, become apparent. Usually the occasion is one of dramatic excitement; but last year the Australian ballot system was introduced, which, while insuring a clean vote, nevertheless reduced the forensic attractiveness of the election.

SOCIAL LIFE.

But long before the Spring election you will have become aware of another phase of college activity—one of the most important. Probably you will have developed a "college case." College cases are more or less epidemic, but any which comes before your senior year may be regarded as merely preliminary.

The social side of college life deserves very thoughtful consider-



EAST COLLEGE

ation. Nothing so quickly rubs off the corners of a green freshman as social contact with cultured people. And nothing is so good for a young fellow as the influence of a noble and cultured body of young women during the critical period of his life. Moreover, there is

pleasure as well as profit in it; by all means have as broad a social experience as you can without neglecting your studies.

You will find ample opportunity for this at DePauw. I made a visit to a men's school last month, and the conditions, moral and social, which I found there made me thank my stars because I was attending a co-educational institution.

We have five national sororities and one local—Kappa Alpha Theta, Alpha Phi, Kappa Kappa Gamma, Alpha Chi Omega and Mu Phi Epsilon. The local is Delta Alpha. Indeed, DePauw is the home of the sorority idea—Kappa Alpha Theta, the first of the sororities, was founded here. And I rather incline to the opinion that there is as fine a group of girls at DePauw as you'll find anywhere on the globe. Indeed, I have known men from other Indiana colleges to confess that "the DePauw co-ed." was simply in a class by herself. When you've been here awhile, see if you don't agree.

You will find DePauw a mighty democratic school. Few of the students are rich, and many of them are poor; and this has its effect upon the character of the social life. Some of the parties are pretty elaborate, and during the senior year a number of functions make dress suits appropriate, though you will never be embarrassed if you do not own "a swallow-tail coat." Take the four years as a whole, one does not necessarily need to spend much money to keep in the swim. And, on the other hand, here as elsewhere, one can spend as much as one likes. The same principle applies to clothes. The fact is, DePauw's standard of popularity is not money, nor garments, but personality; and no one cares—indeed few know—who your people are, whether rich or poor. You stand or fall by your own merit, and it's an easy thing to get acquainted.

In connection with your social experiences, you'll find Greencastle surrounded by some beautiful country. I suppose you would call Springtime strolls social experiences, wouldn't you? Fern is only six miles away, and is the objective of a good many hay-rack parties and drives. McClean Springs, the Big Four Springs, and the Lime Kiln are visited every pleasant Sunday afternoon by a large number of students. The city sits on the top of a hill, surrounded at a distance of a few miles by similar long sloping heights. The landscapes and sunsets are remarkable.

FINANCES AND MONEY-MAKING OPPORTUNITIES.

Since DePauw is a school so democratic in character, the cost of living is comparatively low. Board and room costs about a hundred

and fifty dollars. Tuition costs less than fifty dollars more, and the sum spent for books and fees varies from ten to twenty-five dollars yearly. Laundry, lecture course tickets, and such incidentals cost more or less, according to the wish of the student. Fraternity dues and social expenses generally are so variable that one hesitates to try to strike an average. Some of the fraternities cost practically nothing; others cost a great deal. My own expenses are close to three hundred and fifty dollars; perhaps that may be a little above the average. I go to nearly everything that comes along that's worth while, and don't suffer for much that I want. Really, it's very difficult to name a reasonable figure, because it depends so much upon your personal taste. I know one man who came to DePauw with twenty dollars and left with two hundred and twenty-five. I know fellows whose net outlay yearly is less than fifty dollars. And then, I know some who spend above five hundred, yearly. *I believe a man could go through*



ART HALL

on two hundred dollars a year, without working. He couldn't do much socially nor in fraternity, nor in anything like that, but he could have a comfortable room and plenty to eat. I believe the average sum spent must be about three hundred to three hundred and fifty dollars; though in this I'm just guessing. Nothing short of a census could reveal the exact average. President Hughes believes in keeping the life here as simple and inexpensive as possible and is always working to that end.

Thus from the comparative standpoint DePauw is by no means

an expensive school. And the man who has to earn money to help himself has a splendid chance. The fellow I mentioned a moment ago waited table for his board, swept out the library for his room, acted as assistant librarian in the evenings for three dollars a week, and earned his tuition by assisting in the Biology department. He had a "case," too. So you see, he was a pretty busy man. One of the commonest means of earning money is by waiting on table. At the Dormitory and at Florence Hall, the waiters are all students who earn their board in this way. There must be about forty or so, all told. And no one for a moment thinks of looking down upon the fellows by any means. Some of the most popular men in school wait tables. A fellow will wait on you at supper, and two hours later you will meet him as a guest at one of the finest parties of the school year.

Then again, most of the Greencastle hotels and boarding houses have student waiters, and of course there are furnaces all over town to be cared for in Winter time, and lawns in Fall and Spring. The Athletic Association usually hires men to rub down the teams. Odd jobs of carpentry and other sorts of work may be had for the seeking. Some janitor positions are available.

For myself, I have been fortunate enough to get hold of enough money in the Summer time so that I did not have to bother during the school year. This seems to me preferable to the other method for many reasons. But you may be sure that I for one would do anything, here or elsewhere, in vacation or school time, rather than abandon my course. Truly, I think anyone with any courage need not stay away from college for financial reasons, and the evidence of a good many scores of DePauw alumni backs up this statement.

THE MORAL TONE AND RELIGIOUS LIFE.

From what has been said, you will infer that DePauw is a pretty good place to claim four years of a young man's life. I want to tell you something more. The DePauw spirit is a spirit of earnestness; a degree from DePauw means that you have done some work. This comes from two reasons: The DePauw standard of studentship has always been high from the curriculum standpoint, and then, somehow, a fellow seems a little ashamed and out of place here if he's just loafing along. The student body gives you the impression of being here for business.

And I want to tell you something more. I believe this fact of a high average scholarship is the expression of another conspicuous fact. DePauw, from the moral standpoint, is a clean school. I'm speaking

now relatively, of course. You can't collect seven or eight hundred people without getting a few black sheep. There is a moral tone to DePauw which makes the DePauw atmosphere a healthy one for a fellow like you and like me to breathe. I'm in dead earnest about the point, because I'm convinced that when I decided in DePauw's favor as against two other colleges, that decision gave my life an upward trend instead of a downward. How little at the time did I appreciate the issue which hung in the balance!



College Avenue

I'm not saying, mind you, that a fellow can't be mean here; I know better than that. But I am saying that the general spirit of the student body encourages a clean man and disapproves decidedly of immorality of every type—so that the fellow who wants to do the right thing can do it without being sneered at for “a dub.” If you haven't visited a number of colleges, you probably won't appreciate

the significance of the statement. Why, last Spring I visited another chapter of my own fraternity, where a man was black-balled for the one reason he was a Y. M. C. A. man. I wasn't a Y. M. C. A. man myself then, but it opened my eyes to see contempt thrown at a fellow because *he was straight!* That sort of thing doesn't happen at DePauw. We admire manhood, and the better the man, the more we admire him. In that same school another fraternity had gone to the dogs through habitual drunkenness; and it seemed to me that sportiness was openly encouraged, and the more elaborate and costly the form, the better they liked it! I breathed more comfortably when I got back to this dear old place!

And one may say the DePauw spirit is essentially religious. The average student has not the prayer meeting sort of religion, perhaps; but the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. thrive, filling Plato Hall; and the University service always is crowded. If I might single out one thing above another and say "here is the most *impressive* thing at DePauw," I am inclined to think I would point out this University service.

Suppose it is the third Sunday of the month, in the afternoon. The bell up in the tower, which has so many meanings, calls us to prayer today; and, dressed carefully, we go together to the Chapel. No vociferousness on the part of the student body now. The girls do not sit alone in the middle sections; the people come chiefly in couples. We sit in the corner near the door, where we can note the proceedings. How pretty the girls are; how well they look in those tasty suits! What a clean-looking, manly set of fellows! Do you suppose they are thinking of the sacrifices their folks are making to provide for them? Rapidly, quietly, the hall fills; a thousand people, chiefly students, but many citizens, are congregated. The hall is half dim, and the atmosphere is one of sacred stillness, of reverent expectancy. Now, the choir comes in, and the soloists; and last comes the President, preceded by the minister who is to make the prayer.

The hymn is announced, the service begins. The chorus choir chants its anthem, and a solo, accompanied sweetly by piano and violin, is rendered. The prayer and collection are finished, and all the time I am watching the figure sitting in the President's chair.

What traditions center round his position! What orators, what preachers have been his predecessors! The shade of Simpson lingers near, and Berry, and Curry, and Andrews, and Martin. From what humble beginning has his institution risen during the seven decades of its existence! At last he rises and stands before the historic pulpit of that historic old hall. In low, rich voice he announces the text and begins his discourse deliberately; and like a babe yielding to the superior will of its mother, the audience surrenders to the sway of his power. The afternoon light fades, and in the twilight we sit there, still, under the spell of that godly man whose life, these years, is doing so much in molding ours. Many things I'll forget, I suppose, but one memory will never fade—the memory of those hours when that wonderful voice spoke out eternal truth so clearly, so command-

ingly, that I could not help but see the way to the highest and best goal for my life. God bless Dr. Hughes, I say, and in after years I can fancy a chorus of assent from the hundreds of those whose lives he has infinitely richened through his personal inspiration, or through the institution he and his faculty and his trustees are building up.

I've been trying to tell you some things about DePauw you couldn't learn in any Catalogue; some things I think I ought to tell



Road to Fern

because of the debt I owe the college. But the thing is so big that I rather fear I've failed. DePauw is the fountain of life inspiration through every year to hundreds of students; and who can analyze the waters of a fountain or trace them to their source? Only this I can say, the waters sparkle, and they are sufficient for a great refreshing. If you don't believe it, come and drink!

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